

THE RUBÁIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM
TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE
BY EDWARD FITZGERALD

Edited and introduced by E. V. Rieu

Doubleday, 1918, 1925

Revised edition, Doubleday, 1921, 1925

Copyright, 1918, 1925, by Doubleday

Printed in U.S.A.



SOME NOTABLE BOOKS

Vasari's Lives of the Painters, Sculptors and Architects

Newly translated by GASTON DE VERT. With 500 Illustrations, including never less than 100 in colour. 10 Vols. in 10 uniform and elegant parts, 4to, £2 5s. net (green parchment), £2 11s. net (whole binding), £2 2s. net (paper edition). 7 Vols. 1s. 6d. published by P. P. G. Messinger, thereafter quarterly.

The Tarn and the Lake

Thoughts on Life in the Indian Himalayas. By C. J. HOWLAND. Demy 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

In the National Gallery

Illustrations of the Young Sappho in the Works of the Early Italian Schools. By Mrs. C. R. PERAZZINI. 2 Vols. R.F. 8vo, in colour and 22 in black and white. 25s. net.

The Book of the Dead: The

Papyrus of Ani. Anaglyphic Copy in portable colour plates with Hieroglyphic Transcription, Translation and Interpretation. By Sir A. WASSERBURY, M.A., Litt.D. New Edition, revised and enlarged by permission of the Trustees of the British Museum. 2 vols. Royal 8vo, £2 20s.
By the same Author.

Osiris and the Egyptian Mysteries

200 Illustrations. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, £2 5s.

HANDBOOKS TO ANCIENT CIVILIZATIONS

Each volume fully illustrated. Demy 8vo, 12s. 6d. net each.

Antiquities of India. An account of the History and Customs of Ancient Hindustan. By James C. BEAVERLY, M.A., Litt.D.

Uniform with

South American Archaeology. By F. A. JARVIS, M.A.

Mesopotamian Archaeology. By P. S. P. HANCOCK, M.A.

The Song of Solomon. With 10 Plates in colour after W. RUSSELL. Crown 8vo, 4to, 6s. net (parchment), 12s. 6d. net.

The Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius. With 11 Plates in colour after W. RUSSELL. Faint. 8vo, 4to, 10s. 6d. net (parchment), 15s. net.

* For full particulars of the above and other publications, see the Illustrated Catalogue, which will be sent, post free, on request.

PHILIP LEE WARNER, PUBLISHER

THE MEDICAL SOCIETY LTD

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation



**THE RICCARDI PRESS
BOOKLETS**

¶ Of this edition of the RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM in the Eleven Point Riccardi Fount have been printed on handmade Riccardi Paper 1000 copies for Great Britain, and on vellum 12 copies, of which 10 are for sale.

¶ Paper copy Number 888

**THE RUBÁIYÁT OF
OMAR KHAYYÁM**

RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM
THE ASTRONOMER-POET OF PERSIA
RENDERED INTO ENGLISH VERSE
BY EDWARD FITZGERALD. LON-
DON: PHILIP LEE WARNER
PUBLISHER TO THE MEDICI
SOCIETY LD. VII GRAFTON
STREET, W. MDCCCC
XIII

CONTENTS

Introduction:

Omar Khayyám, the Astronomer-
Poet of Persia

Page ix

Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám of Naishá-
púr


.. 1

Author's Notes

.. 17

INTRODUCTION

OMAR KHAYYÁM, THE ASTRONOMER-POET OF PERSIA

 **MAR KHAYYÁM** was born at Naishápúr in Khorassan in the latter half of our Eleventh, and died within the First Quarter of our Twelfth, Century. The slender Story of his Life is curiously twined about that of two other very considerable Figures in their Time and Country: one of whom tells the Story of all Three. This was Nizám al Mulk, Vizyr to Alp Arslan the Son, and Malik Shah the Grandson, of Toghrul Beg the Tartar, who had wrested Persia from the feeble Successor of Mahmúd the Great, and founded that Seljukian Dynasty which finally roused Europe into the Crusades. This Nizám al Mulk, in his 'Wasiyat' - or Testament - which he wrote and left as a Memorial for future Statesmen - relates the following, as quoted in the Calcutta Review, No. 39, from Mirkhond's History of the Assassins.

"One of the greatest of the wise men of Khorassan was the Imám Mowaffak of Naishápúr, a man highly honoured and revered, - may God rejoice his soul; his illustrious years exceeded eighty-five, and it was the universal belief that every boy who read the Koran or studied the traditions in his presence, would assuredly attain to honour and happiness. For this cause did my father send me from Tús to Naishápúr with Abd-us-samad, the doctor of law, that I might employ myself in study and learning under the guidance of that illustrious teacher. Towards me he ever turned an eye of favour and kindness, and as his pupil I felt for him extreme affection and devotion, so that I passed four years in his service. When I first came there, I found two other pupils of mine own age newly arrived, Hakim

Omar Khayyám, and the ill-fated Ben Sabbáh. Both were endowed with sharpness of wit and the highest natural powers; and we three formed a close friendship together. When the Imám rose from his lectures, they used to join me, and we repeated to each other the lessons we had heard. Now Omar was a native of Naishápúr, while Hasan Ben Sabbáh's father was one Ali, a man of austere life and practice, but heretical in his creed and doctrine. One day Hasan said to me and to Khayyám, 'It is a universal belief that the pupils of the Imám Mowaffak will attain to fortune. Now, even if we all do not attain thereto, without doubt one of us will; what then shall be our mutual pledge and bond?' We answered, 'Be it what you please.' 'Well,' he said, 'let us make a vow, that to whomsoever this fortune falls, he shall share it equally with the rest, and reserve no pre-eminence for himself.' 'Be it so,' we both replied, and on those terms we mutually pledged our words. Years rolled on, and I went from Khorassan to Transoxiana, and wandered to Ghazni and Cabul; and when I returned, I was invested with office, and rose to be administrator of affairs during the Sultanate of Sultan Alp Arslán."

'He goes on to state, that years passed by, and both his old school-friends found him out, and came and claimed a share in his good fortune, according to the school-day vow. The Vizier was generous and kept his word. Hasan demanded a place in the government, which the Sultan granted at the Vizier's request; but discontented with a gradual rise, he plunged into the maze of intrigue of an oriental court, and, failing in a base attempt to supplant his benefactor, he was disgraced and fell. After many mis-haps and wanderings, Hasan became the head of the Persian sect of the "Ismailians,"—a party of fanatics who had long murmured in obscurity, but rose to an evil eminence under the guidance of his strong and evil will. In A.D. 1090, he seized the castle of Alamút, in the province of Rúdbar, which lies in the mountainous tract, south of the Caspian

Sea; and it was from this mountain home he obtained that evil celebrity among the Crusaders as the OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS, and spread terror through the Mohammedan world; and it is yet disputed whether the word "Assassin," which they have left in the language of modern Europe as their dark memorial, is derived from the "hashish," or opiate of hemp-leaves - the Indian "bhang" -, with which they maddened themselves to the sullen pitch of oriental desperation, or from the name of the founder of the dynasty, whom we have seen in his quiet collegiate days, at Naishápúr. One of the countless victims of the Assassin's dagger was Nizám-ul-Mulk himself, the old school-boy friend.¹

'Omar Khayyám also came to the Vizier to claim the share; but not to ask for title or office. "The greatest boon you can confer on me," he said, "is to let me live in a corner under the shadow of your fortune, to spread wide the advantages of Science, and pray for your long life and prosperity." The Vizier tells us, that, when he found Omar was really sincere in his refusal, he pressed him no further, but granted him a yearly pension of 1200 "mithkál's" of gold, from the treasury of Naishápúr.

'At Naishápúr thus lived and died Omar Khayyám, "busied," adds the Vizier, "in winning knowledge of every kind, and especially in Astronomy, wherein he attained to a very high pre-eminence. Under the Sultanate of Malik Shah, he came to Merv, and obtained great praise for his proficiency in science, and the Sultan showered favours upon him."

¹ Some of Omar's Rubáiyát warn us of the danger of Greatness, the instability of Fortune, and while advocating Charity to all Men, recommending us to be too intimate with none. Attár makes Nizám-ul-Mulk use the very words of his friend Omar - Rub. xxviii. -, 'When Nizám-ul-Mulk was in the Agony - of Death - he said, "Oh God! I am passing away in the hand of the Wind."

·When Malik Shah determined to reform the calendar, Omar was one of the eight learned men employed to do it; the result was the "Jaláli" era—so called from "Jalal-u-din," one of the king's names,—"a computation of time," says Gibbon, "which surpasses the Julian, and approaches the accuracy of the Gregorian style." He is also the author of some astronomical tables, entitled *Ziji-Maliksháht*,¹ and the French have lately republished and translated an Arabic Treatise of his on Algebra.

·His Takhallus or poetical name—*Khayyám*—signifies a Tent-maker, and he is said to have at one time exercised that trade, perhaps before *Nizám-ul-Mulk*'s generosity raised him to independence. Many Persian poets similarly derive their names from their occupations; thus we have *Attár*, "a druggist," *Assár*, "an oil presser," &c.¹ Omar himself alludes to his name in the following whimsical lines:

Khayyám, who stitched the tents of science,
Has fallen in grief's furnace and been suddenly burned;
The shears of Fate have cut the tent ropes of his life,
And the broker of Hope has sold him for nothing!

·We have only one more anecdote to give of his Life, and that relates to the close; it is told in the anonymous preface which is sometimes prefixed to his poems; it has been printed in the Persian in the appendix to Hyde's "*Veterum Persarum Religio*," p. 499; and *D'Herbelot* alludes to it in his *Bibliothèque*, under "*Khiam*"²:-

"It is written in the chronicles of the ancients that this

¹ Though all these, like our Smiths, Archers, Millers, Fletchers, &c., may simply retain the Surname of an hereditary calling.

² *Philosophe Musulman qui a vècu en Odeur de Sainteté dans la Fin du premier et le Commencement du second Siècle*, no part of which, except the '*Philosophe*,' can apply to our *Khayyám*.

King of the Wise, Omar Khayyám, died at Naishápúr in the year of the Hegira, 517-A.D. 1123-: in science he was unrivalled, - the very paragon of his age. Khwájah Nizámi of Samarcand, who was one of his pupils, relates the following story: 'I often used to hold conversations with my teacher, Omar Khayyám, in a garden; and one day he said to me, "My tomb shall be in a spot, where the north wind may scatter roses over it." I wondered at the words he spake, but I knew that his were no idle words.' Years after, when I chanced to revisit Naishápúr, I went to his final resting-place, and lo! it was just outside a garden, and trees laden with fruit stretched their boughs over the garden wall, and dropped their flowers upon his tomb, so as the stone was hidden under them.'"

Thus far - without fear of Trespass - from the Calcutta Review. The writer of it, on reading in India this story of Omar's Grave, was reminded, he says, of Cicero's Account

' The Rashness of the Words, according to D'Herbelot, consisted in being so opposed to those in the Korán: 'No Man knows where he shall die.' - This story of Omar recalls a very different one so naturally - and, when one remembers how wide of his humble mark the noble sailor aimed - so pathetically told by Captain Cook - not by Doctor Hawkesworth - in his Second Voyage. When leaving Ulietea, 'Oreo's last request was for me to return. When he saw he could not obtain that promise, he asked the name of my "Marai" - Burying-place. As strange a question as this was, I hesitated not a moment to tell him "Stepney," the parish in which I live when in London. I was made to repeat it several times over till they could pronounce it; and then "Stepney Marai no Tootee" was echoed through a hundred mouths at once. I afterwards found the same question had been put to Mr. Forster by a man on shore; but he gave a different, and indeed more proper answer, by saying, "No man who used the sea could say where he should be buried."'

of finding Archimedes' Tomb at Syracuse, buried in grass and weeds. I think Thorwaldsen desired to have roses grow over him; a wish religiously fulfilled for him to the present day, I believe. However, to return to Omar.

Though the Sultan 'shower'd Favours upon him,' Omar's Epicurean Audacity of Thought and Speech caused him to be regarded askance in his own Time and Country. He is said to have been especially hated and dreaded by the Súfis, whose Practice he ridiculed, and whose Faith amounts to little more than his own when stript of the Mysticism and formal recognition of Islamism under which Omar would not hide. Their Poets, including Háfiz, who are—with the exception of Firdausi—the most considerable in Persia, borrowed largely, indeed, of Omar's material, but turning it to a mystical Use more convenient to Themselves and the People they addressed; a People quite as quick of Doubt as of Belief; as keen of Bodily Sense as of Intellectual; and delighting in a cloudy compound of both, in which they could float luxuriously between Heaven and Earth, and this World and the Next, on the wings of a poetical expression, that might serve indifferently for either. Omar was too honest of Heart as well as of Head for this. Having failed—however mistakenly—of finding any Providence but Destiny, and any World but This, he set about making the most of it; preferring rather to soothe the Soul through the Senses into Acquiescence with Things as he saw them, than to perplex it with vain disquietude after what they 'might be.' It has been seen, however, that his Worldly Ambition was not exorbitant; and he very likely takes a humorous or perverse pleasure in exalting the gratification of Sense above that of the Intellect, in which he must have taken great delight, although it failed to answer the Questions in which he, in common with all men, was most vitally interested.

For whatever Reason, however, Omar, as before said, has never been popular in his own Country, and therefore has been but scantily transmitted abroad. The MSS. of

his Poems, mutilated beyond the average Casualties of Oriental Transcription, are so rare in the East as scarce to have reacht Westward at all, in spite of all the acquisitions of Arms and Science. There is no copy at the India House, none at the Bibliothèque Impériale of Paris. We know but of one in England: No. 140 of the Ouseley MSS. at the Bodleian, written at Shiraz, A.D. 1460. This contains but 158 Rubáiyát. One in the Asiatic Society's Library at Calcutta - of which we have a Copy -, contains - and yet incomplete - 516, though swelled to that by all kinds of Repetition and Corruption. So Von Hammer speaks of his Copy as containing about 200, while Dr. Sprenger catalogues the Lucknow MS. at double that Number.¹ The Scribes, too, of the Oxford and Calcutta MSS. seem to do their Work under a sort of Protest; each beginning with a Tetrastich - whether genuine or not -, taken out of its alphabetic order; the Oxford with one of Apology; the Calcutta with one of Expostulation, supposed - says a Notice prefixed to the MS. - to have risen from a Dream, in which Omar's mother asked about his future fate. It may be rendered thus:

Oh Thou who burn'st in Heart for those who burn
 In Hell, whose fires thyself shall feed in turn;
 How long be crying, 'Mercy on them, God!'
 Why, who art Thou to teach, and He to learn?

The Bodleian Quatrain pleads Pantheism by way of Justification.

If I myself upon a looser Creed
 Have loosely strung the Jewel of Good deed.

¹ 'Since this Paper was written' - adds the Reviewer in a note -, 'we have met with a Copy of a very rare Edition, printed at Calcutta in 1836. This contains 438 Tetrastichs, with an Appendix containing 54 others not found in some MSS.'

Let this one thing for my Atonement plead:
That One for Two I never did mis-read.

The Reviewer, to whom I owe the Particulars of Omar's Life, concludes his Review by comparing him with Lucretius, both as to natural Temper and Genius, and as acted upon by the Circumstances in which he lived. Both indeed were men of subtle, strong, and cultivated Intellect, fine Imagination, and Hearts passionate for Truth and Justice; who justly revolted from their Country's false Religion, and false, or foolish, Devotion to it; but who yet fell short of replacing what they subverted by such better 'Hope' as others, with no better Revelation to guide them, had yet made a Law to themselves. Lucretius, indeed, with such material as Epicurus furnished, satisfied himself with the theory of so vast a machine fortuitously constructed, and acting by a Law that implied no Legislator; and so composing himself into a Stoical rather than Epicurean severity of Attitude, sat down to contemplate the mechanical Drama of the Universe which he was part Actor in; himself and all about him—as in his own sublime description of the Roman Theatre—discoloured with the lurid reflex of the Curtain suspended between the Spectator and the Sun. Omar, more desperate, or more careless of any so complicated System as resulted in nothing but hopeless Necessity, flung his own Genius and Learning with a bitter or humorous jest into the general Ruin which their insufficient glimpses only served to reveal; and, pretending sensual pleasure as the serious purpose of Life, only 'diverted' himself with speculative problems of Deity, Destiny, Matter and Spirit, Good and Evil, and other such questions, easier to start than to run down, and the pursuit of which becomes a very weary sport at last!

With regard to the present Translation. The original Rubāiyāt—as, missing an Arabic Guttural, these 'Tetrastichs' are more musically called—are independent Stanzas, consisting each of four Lines of equal, though varied, Pro-

sody; sometimes all rhyming, but oftener-as here imitated-the third line a blank. Something as in the Greek Alcaic, where the penultimate line seems to lift and suspend the Wave that falls over in the last. As usual with such kind of Oriental Verse, the Rubáiyát follow one another according to Alphabetic Rhyme-a strange succession of Grave and Gay. Those here selected are strung into something of an Eclogue, with perhaps a less than equal proportion of the 'Drink and make-merry,' which-genuine or not-recurs over-frequently in the Original. Either way, the Result is sad enough: saddest perhaps when most ostentatiously merry: more apt to move Sorrow than Anger toward the old Tentmaker, who, after vainly endeavouring to unshackle his Steps from Destiny, and to catch some authentic Glimpse of 'To-morrow,' fell back upon 'To-day'-which has out-lasted so many To-morrows!-as the only Ground he got to stand upon, however momentarily slipping from under his Feet.

While the present [second] Edition of Omar was preparing, Monsieur Nicolas, French Consul at Rescht, published a very careful and very good Edition of the Text, from a lithograph copy at Teheran, comprising 464 Rubáiyát, with translation and notes of his own.

Mons. Nicolas, whose Edition has reminded me of several things, and instructed me in others, does not consider Omar to be the material Epicurean that I have literally taken him for, but a Mystic, shadowing the Deity under the figure of Wine, Wine-bearer, &c., as Háfiz is supposed to do; in short, a Súfí Poet like Háfiz and the rest.

I cannot see reason to alter my opinion, formed as it was a dozen years ago when Omar was first shown me by one to whom I am indebted for all I know of Oriental, and very much of other, literature. He admired Omar's Genius so much, that he would gladly have adopted any such Interpretation of his meaning as Mons. Nicolas' if

he could.' That he could not appears by his Paper in the Calcutta Review already so largely quoted; in which he argues from the Poems themselves, as well as from what records remain of the Poet's Life.

And if more were needed to disprove Mons. Nicolas' Theory, there is the Biographical Notice which he himself has drawn up in direct contradiction to the Interpretation of the Poems given in his Notes. Here is one of the Anecdotes he produces. 'Mais revenons à Khéyam, qui, resté étranger à toutes ces alternatives de guerres, d'intrigues, et de révoltes, dont cette époque fut si remplie, vivait tranquille dans son village natal, se livrant avec passion à l'étude de la philosophie des Soufis. Entouré de nombreux amis il cherchait avec eux dans le vin cette contemplation extatique que d'autres croient trouver dans des cris et des hurlemens,' &c. 'Les chroniqueurs persans racontent que Khéyam aimait surtout à s'entretenir et à boire avec ses amis, le soir au clair de la lune sur la terrasse de sa maison, entouré de chanteurs et musiciens, avec un échanton qui, la coupe à la main, la présentait à tour de rôle aux joyeux convives réunis.- Pendant une de ces soirées dont nous venons de parler, survient à l'improviste un coup de vent qui éteint les chandelles et renverse à terre la cruche de vin, placée imprudemment sur le bord de la terrasse. La cruche fut brisée et le vin répandu. Aussitôt Khéyam, irrité, improvisa ce quatrain impie à l'adresse du Tout-Puissant: "Tu as brisé ma cruche de vin, mon Dieu! tu as ainsi fermé sur moi la porte de la joie, mon Dieu! c'est moi qui bois, et c'est toi qui commets les désordres de l'ivresse! oh!-puisse ma bouche se remplir de la terre!-serais-tu ivre, mon Dieu?"

'Le poète, après avoir prononcé ce blasphème, jetant les yeux sur une glace, se serait aperçu que son visage était

' Perhaps would have edited the Poems himself some years ago. He may now as little approve of my Version on one side, as of Mons. Nicolas' on the other.

noir comme du charbon. C'était une punition du ciel. Alors il fit cet autre quatrain non moins audacieux que le premier. "Quel est l'homme ici-bas qui n'a point commis de péché, dis? Celui qui n'en aurait point commis, comment aurait-il vécu, dis? Si, parce que je fais du mal, tu me punis par le mal, quelle est donc la différence qui existe entre toi et moi, dis?"

I really hardly knew poor Omar was so far gone till his Apologist informed me. Here we see then that, whatever were the Wine that Háfiz drank and sang, the veritable Juice of the Grape it was which Omar used not only when carousing with his friends, but—says Mons. Nicolas—in order to excite himself to that pitch of Devotion which others reached by cries and 'hurlemens.' And yet, whenever Wine, Wine-bearer, &c., occur in the Text—which is often enough—Mons. Nicolas carefully annotates 'Dieu,' 'La Divinité,' &c. : so carefully indeed that one is tempted to think he was indoctrinated by the Súfi with whom he read the Poems.—Note to Rub. ii. p. 8.—A Persian would naturally wish to vindicate a distinguished Countryman; and a Súfi to enrol him in his own sect, which already comprises all the chief Poets of Persia.

What historical Authority has Mons. Nicolas to show that Omar gave himself up 'avec passion à l'étude de la philosophie des Soufis'?—Preface, p. xiii.—The Doctrines of Pantheism, Materialism, Necessity, &c., were not peculiar to the Súfi; nor to Lucretius before them; nor to Epicurus before him; probably the very original Irreligion of thinking men from the first; and very likely to be the spontaneous growth of a Philosopher living in an Age of social and political barbarism, under sanction of one of the Two and Seventy Religions supposed to divide the world. Von Hammer—according to Sprenger's Oriental Catalogue—speaks of Omar as 'a Free-thinker, and a great opponent of Sufism'; perhaps because, while holding much of their Doctrine, he would not pretend to any inconsistent severity of morals. Sir W. Ouseley has

written a Note to something of the same effect on the fly-leaf of the Bodleian MS. And in two Rubáiyát of Mons. Nicolas' own Edition Súf and Súfi are both disparagingly named.

No doubt many of these Quatrains seem unaccountable unless mystically interpreted; but many more as unaccountable unless literally. Were the Wine spiritual, for instance, how wash the Body with it when dead? Why make cups of the dead clay to be filled with - 'La Divinité' - by some succeeding Mystic? Mons. Nicolas himself is puzzled by some 'bizarres' and 'trop Orientales' allusions and images - 'd'une sensualité quelquefois révoltante' indeed - which 'les convenances' do not permit him to translate; but still which the reader cannot but refer to 'La Divinité.'¹ No doubt also many of the Quatrains in the Teheran, as in the Calcutta, Copies, are spurious; such 'Rubáiyát' being the common form of Epigram in Persia. But this, at best, tells as much one way as another; nay, the Súfi, who may be considered the Scholar and Man of Letters in Persia, would be far more likely than the careless Epicure to interpolate what favours his own view of the Poet. I observe that very few of the more mystical

¹ A Note to Quatrain 234 admits that, however clear the mystical meaning of such Images must be to Europeans, they are not quoted without 'rougissant' even by laymen in Persia - 'Quant aux termes de tendresse qui commencent ce quatrain, comme tant d'autres dans ce recueil, nos lecteurs, habitués maintenant à l'étrangeté des expressions si souvent employés par Khéyam pour rendre ses pensées sur l'amour divin, et à la singularité des images trop orientales, d'une sensualité quelquefois révoltante, n'auront pas de peine à se persuader qu'il s'agit de la Divinité, bien que cette conviction soit vivement discutée par les moullahs musulmans, et même par beaucoup de laïques, qui rougissent véritablement d'une pareille licence de leur compatriote à l'égard des choses spirituelles.'

Quatrains are in the Bodleian MS., which must be one of the oldest, as dated at Shiraz, A.H. 865, A.D. 1460. And this, I think, especially distinguishes Omar – I cannot help calling him by his – no, not Christian – familiar name – from all other Persian Poets: That, whereas with them the Poet is lost in his Song, the Man in Allegory and Abstraction; we seem to have the Man – the ‘Bonhomme’ – Omar himself, with all his Humours and Passions, as frankly before us as if we were really at Table with him, after the Wine had gone round.

I must say that I, for one, never wholly believed in the Mysticism of Háfiz. It does not appear there was any danger in holding and singing Súfi Pantheism, so long as the Poet made his Salaam to Mohammed at the beginning and end of his Song. Under such conditions Jeláluddín, Jámi, Attár, and others sang; using Wine and Beauty indeed as Images to illustrate, not as a Mask to hide, the Divinity they were celebrating. Perhaps some Allegory less liable to mistake or abuse had been better among so inflammable a People; much more so when, as some think with Háfiz and Omar, the abstract is not only likened to, but identified with, the sensual Image; hazardous, if not to the Devotee himself, yet to his weaker Brethren; and worse for the Profane in proportion as the Devotion of the Initiated grew warmer. And all for what? To be tantalized with Images of sensual enjoyment which must be renounced if one would approximate a God, who, according to the Doctrine, is Sensual Matter as well as Spirit, and into whose Universe one expects unconsciously to merge after Death, without hope of any posthumous Beatitude in another world to compensate for all the self-denial of this. Lucretius’ blind Divinity certainly merited, and probably got, as much self-sacrifice as this of the Súfi; and the burden of Omar’s Song – if not ‘Let us eat’ – is assuredly – ‘Let us drink, for To-morrow we die!’ And if Háfiz meant quite otherwise by a similar language, he surely miscalculated when he devoted his Life and Genius to so equivocal a Psalmody as, from his Day to

this, has been said and sung by any rather than spiritual Worshippers.

However, it may remain an Open Question, both with regard to Háfiz and Omar: the reader may understand them either way, literally or mystically, as he chooses. Whenever Wine, Wine-bearer, Cypress, &c., are named, he has only to suppose 'La Divinité': and when he has done so with Omar, I really think he may proceed to the same Interpretation of Anacreon-and even Anacreon Moore.

EDWARD FITZGERALD

1859-1868

**RUBÁIYÁT OF
OMARKHAYYÁM**

RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM OF NAISHÁPÚR

I

AWAKE! for Morning in the Bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight: '
And Lo! the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultáns Turret in a Noose of Light.

II

Dreaming when Dawn's Left Hand was in the Sky '
I heard a Voice within the Tavern cry,
'Awake, my Little ones, and fill the Cup
Before Life's Liquor in its Cup be dry.'

III

And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before
The Tavern shouted - 'Open then the Door!
You know how little while we have to stay,
And, once departed, may return no more.'

IV

Now the New Year 'reviving old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,
Where the 'White Hand of Moses' on the Bough
Puts out, 'and Jesus from the Ground suspires.

V

Irám indeed is gone with all its Rose, '
And Jamshýd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup where no one knows:
But still the Vine her ancient Ruby yields,
And still a Garden by the Water blows.

VI

And David's Lips are lock't; but in divine
High piping Péhlevi,⁶ with Wine! Wine! Wine!
Red Wine!' - the Nightingale cries to the Rose
That yellow Cheek⁷ of her's to'incarnadine.

VII

Come, fill the Cup, and in the Fire of Spring
The Winter Garment of Repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To fly - and Lo! the Bird is on the Wing.

VIII

And look - a thousand Blossoms with the Day
Woke - and a thousand scatter'd into Clay:
And this first Summer Month that brings the Rose
Shall take Jamshýd and Kaikobád away.

IX

But come with old Khayyám, and leave the Lot
Of Kaikobád and Kaikhosrú forgot:
Let Rustum lay about him as he will,⁸
Or Hátim Tai cry Supper - heed them not.

X

With me along some Strip of Herbage strown
That just divides the desert from the sown,
Where name of Slave and Sultán scarce is known,
And pity Sultán Máhmúd on his Throne.

XI

Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough,
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse - and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness -
And Wilderness is Paradise enow.

XII

'How sweet is mortal Sovranty!' - think some :
Others - 'How blest the Paradise to come !'
Ah, take the Cash in hand and wave the Rest ;
Oh, the brave Music of a distant Drum !'

XIII

Look to the Rose that blows about us - ' Lo,
Laughing,' she says, 'into the World I blow :
At once the silken Tassel of my Purse
Tear, and its Treasure¹⁰ on the Garden throw.'

XIV

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes - or it prospers ; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face
Lightning a little Hour or two - is gone.

XV

And those who husbanded the Golden Grain,
And those who flung it to the Winds like Rain,
Alike to no such aureate Earth are turn'd
As, buried once, Men want dug up again.

XVI

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
Whose Doorways are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp
Abode his Hour or two, and went his way.

XVII

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshýd gloried and drank deep :¹¹
And Bahrám, that great Hunter - the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, and he lies fast asleep.

XVIII

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled:
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in its Lap from some once lovely Head.

XIX

And this delightful Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River's Lip on which we lean -
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

XX

Ah, my Belovéd, fill the Cup that clears
'To-day' of past Regrets and future Fears -
'To-morrow' ? - Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand Years."

XXI

Lo! some we loved, the loveliest and best
That Time and Fate of all their Vintage prest,
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to Rest.

XXII

And we, that now make merry in the Room
They left, and Summer dresses in new Bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
Descend, ourselves to make a Couch - for whom?

XXIII

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and - sans End!

XXIV

Alike for those who for 'To-day' prepare,
And those that after a 'To-morrow' stare,
A Muezzín from the Tower of Darkness cries
'Fools! your Reward is neither Here nor There!'

XXV

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd
Of the Two Worlds so learnedly, are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn
Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt with Dust.

XXVI

Oh, come with old Khayyám, and leave the Wise
To talk; one thing is certain, that Life flies;
One thing is certain, and the Rest is Lies:
The Flower that once has blown for ever dies.

XXVII

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great Argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same Door as in I went.

XXVIII

With them the Seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with my own hand labour'd it to grow:
And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd -
'I came like Water, and like Wind I go.'

XXIX

Into this Universe, and 'why' not knowing,
Nor 'whence,' like Water willy-nilly flowing:
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
I know not 'whither,' willy-nilly blowing.

XXX

What, without asking, hither hurried whence?
And, without asking, whither hurried hence!
Another and another Cup to drown
The Memory of this Impertinence!

XXXI

Up from Earth's Centre through the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,¹³
And many Knots unravel'd by the Road;
But not the Knot of Human Death and Fate.

XXXII

There was a Door to which I found no Key:
There was a Veil past which I could not see:
Some little Talk awhile of 'Me' and 'Thee'
There seemed - and then no more of 'Thee' and 'Me.'¹⁴

XXXIII

Then to the rolling Heav'n itself I cried,
Asking, 'What Lamp had Destiny to guide
Her little Children stumbling in the Dark?'
And - 'A blind Understanding!' Heav'n replied.

XXXIV

Then to this earthen Bowl did I adjourn
My Lip the secret Well of Life to learn:
And Lip to Lip it murmur'd - 'While you live
Drink! - for once dead you never shall return.'

XXXV

I think the Vessel, that with fugitive
Articulation answer'd, once did live,
And merry-make; and the cold Lip I kiss'd
How many Kisses might it take - and give!

XXXVI

For in the Market-place, one Dusk of Day,
I watch'd the Potter thumping his wet Clay:
And with its all obliterated Tongue
It murmur'd-'Gently, Brother, gently, pray!'

XXXVII

Ah, fill the Cup:- what boots it to repeat
How Time is slipping underneath our Feet:
Unborn 'To-morrow,' and dead 'Yesterday,'
Why fret about them if 'To-day' be sweet!

XXXVIII

One Moment in Annihilation's Waste,
One Moment, of the Well of Life to taste-
The Stars are setting and the Caravan
Starts for the Dawn of Nothing"- Oh, make haste!

XXXIX

How long, how long, in infinite Pursuit
Of This and That endeavour and dispute?
Better be merry with the fruitful Grape
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

XL

You know, my Friends, how long since in my House
For a new Marriage I did make Carouse:
Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse.

XLI

For 'Is' and 'Is-not' though with Rule and Line,
And 'Up-and-down' without, I could define.¹⁶
I yet in all I only cared to know,
Was never deep in anything but-Wine.

XLII

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
Came stealing through the Dusk an Angel Shape
 Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and
He bid me taste of it; and 'twas - the Grape!

XLIII

The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects¹⁷ confute:
 The subtle Alchemist that in a Trice
Life's leaden Metal into Gold transmute.

XLIV

The mighty Mahmúd, the victorious Lord,
That all the misbelieving and black Horde¹⁸
 Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul
Scatters and slays with his enchanted Sword.

XLV

But leave the Wise to wrangle, and with me
The Quarrel of the Universe let be:
 And, in some corner of the Hubbub coucht,
Make Game of that which makes as much of Thee.

XLVI

For in and out, above, about, below,
'Tis nothing but a Magic Shadow-show,
 Play'd in a Box whose Candle is the Sun,
Round which we Phantom Figures come and go.¹⁹

XLVII

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,
End in the Nothing all Things end in - Yes -
 Then fancy while Thou art, Thou art but what
Thou shalt be - Nothing - Thou shalt not be less.

XLVIII

While the Rose blows along the River Brink,
With old Khayyám the Ruby Vintage drink:
And when the Angel with his darker Draught
Draws up to Thee - take that, and do not shrink.

XLIX

'Tis all a Chequer-board of Nights and Days
Where Destiny with Men for Pieces plays:
Hither and thither moves, and mates, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

L

The Ball no Question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But Right or Left as strikes the Player goes:
And He that toss'd Thee down into the Field,
He knows about it all - HE knows - HE knows!²⁰

LI

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all thy Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it.

LII

And that inverted Bowl we call The Sky,
Whereunder crawling coop't we live and die,
Lift not thy hands to 'It' for help - for It
Rolls impotently on as Thou or I.

LIII

With Earth's first Clay They did the Last Man's knead,
And then of the Last Harvest sow'd the Seed:
Yea, the first Morning of Creation wrote
What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.

LIV

I tell Thee this - When, starting from the Goal,
Over the shoulders of the flaming Foal
Of Heav'n Parw'n and Mushtara they flung,²¹
In my predestin'd Plot of Dust and Soul

LV

The Vine had struck a Fibre; which about
If clings my Being - let the Súfi flout;
Of my Base Metal may be filed a Key.
That shall unlock the Door he howls without.

LVI

And this I know: whether the one True Light,
Kindle to Love, or Wrath consume me quite,
One Glimpse of It within the Tavern caught
Better than in the Temple lost outright.

LVII

Oh Thou, who didst with Pitfall and with Gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in,
Thou wilt not with Predestination round
Enmesh me, and impute my Fall to Sin?

LVIII

Oh, Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,
And who with Eden didst devise the Snake;
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blacken'd, Man's Forgiveness give - and take!

.

KÚZA-NÁMA

LIX

Listen again. One Evening at the Close
Of Ramazán, ere the better Moon arose,
In that old Potter's Shop I stood alone
With the clay Population round in Rows.

LX

And, strange to tell, among that Earthen Lot
Some could articulate, while others not:
And suddenly one more impatient cried -
'Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?'

LXI

Then said another - 'Surely not in vain
My Substance from the common Earth was ta'en,
That He who subtly wrought me into Shape
Should stamp me back to common Earth again.'

LXII

Another said - 'Why, ne'er a peevish Boy,
Would break the Bowl from which he drank in Joy:
Shall He that made the Vessel in pure Love
And Fandy, in an after Rage destroy!'

LXIII

None answer'd this; but after Silence spake
A Vessel of a more ungainly Make:
'They sneer at me for leaning all awry;
What! did the Hand then of the Potter shake?'

LXIV

Said one - 'Folks of a surly Tapster tell,
And daub his Visage with the Smoke of Hell;
They talk of some strict Testing of us - Pish!
He's a Good Fellow, and 'twill all be well.'

LXV

Then said another with a long-drawn Sigh,
'My Clay with long oblivion is gone dry:
But, fill me with the old familiar Juice,
Methinks I might recover by-and-bye!'

LXVI

So while the Vessels one by one were speaking,
One spied the little Crescent all were seeking:²⁴
And then they jogg'd each other, 'Brother! Brother!
Hark to the Porter's Shoulder-knot a-creaking!'

.

LXVII

Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide,
And wash my Body whence the Life has died,
And in a Windingsheet of Vine-leaf wrapt,
So bury me by some sweet Garden-side.

LXVIII

That ev'n my buried Ashes such a Snare
Of Perfume shall fling up into the Air,
As not a True Believer passing by
But shall be overtaken unaware.

LXIX

Indeed the Idols I have loved so long
Have done my Credit in Men's Eye much wrong:
Have drown'd my Honour in a shallow Cup,
And sold my Reputation for a Song.

LXX

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
I swore - but was I sober when I swore?
And then and then came Spring, and Rose-in-hand
My thread-bare Penitence apieces tore.

LXXI

And much as Wine has play'd the Infidel,
And robb'd me of my Robe of Honour - well,
I often wonder what the Vintners buy
One half so precious as the Goods they sell.

LXXII

Alas, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented Manuscript should close!
The Nightingale that in the Branches sang,
Ah, whence, and whither flown again, who knows!

LXXIII

Ah Love! could thou and I with Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits - and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

LXXIV

Ah, Moon of my Delight who know'st no wane,
The Moon of Heav'n in rising once again:
How oft hereafter rising shall she look
Through this same Garden after me - in vain!

LXXV

And when Thyself with shining Foot shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,
And in thy joyous Errand reach the Spot
Where I made one - turn down an empty Glass!

TAMÁM SHUD



AUTHOR'S NOTES

NOTES

¹ Flinging a Stone into the Cup was the Signal for 'To Horse!' in the Desert.

² The 'False Dawn'; 'Subhi Kázib,' a transient Light on the Horizon about an hour before the 'Subhi sâdik,' or True Dawn; a well-known Phenomenon in the East.

³ New Year. Beginning with the Vernal Equinox, it must be remembered; and-howsoever the old Solar Year is practically superseded by the clumsy 'Lunar' Year that dates from the Mohammedan Hijra -still commemorated by a Festival that is said to have been appointed by the very Jamshýd whom Omar so often talks of, and whose yearly Calendar he helped to rectify.

'The sudden approach and rapid advance of the Spring,' says Mr. Binning, 'are very striking. Before the Snow is well off the Ground, the Trees burst into Blossom, and the Flowers start from the Soil. At "Naw Rooz"-their New Year's Day-the Snow was lying in patches on the Hills and in the shaded Vallies, while the Fruit-trees in the Garden were budding beautifully, and green Plants and Flowers springing up on the Plains on every side-

And on old Hyems' Chin and icy Crown
An odorous Chaplet of sweet Summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set.-

Among the Plants newly appear'd I recognized some old Acquaintances I had not seen for many a Year: among these, two varieties of the Thistle; a coarse species of the Daisy, like the Horse-gowan; red and white Clover; the Dock; the blue Corn-flower; and that vulgar Herb the Dandelion rearing its yellow crest on the Banks of the

Watercourses.' The Nightingale was not yet heard, for the Rose was not yet blown : but an almost identical Black-bird and Woodpecker helped to make up something of a North-country Spring.

⁴ Exodus iv. 6; where Moses draws forth his Hand-not, according to the Persians, 'leprous as Snow,'-but white, as our May-Blossom in Spring perhaps. According to them also the Healing Power of Jesus resided in his Breath. ⁵ Irám, planted by King Shaddád, and now sunk somewhere in the Sands of Arabia. Jamshýd's Seven-ring'd Cup was typical of the 7 Heavens, 7 Planets, 7 Seas, &c., and was a 'Divining Cup.'

⁶ 'Péhlevi,' the old Heroic 'Sanskrit' of Persia. Háfiz also speaks of the Nightingale's 'Péhlevi,' which did not change with the People's.

⁷ I am not sure if this refers to the Red Rose looking sickly, or the Yellow Rose that ought to be Red; Red, White, and Yellow Roses all common in Persia. I think Southey, in his Common-Place Book, quotes from some Spanish author about a Rose being White till 10 o'clock; 'Rosa perfecta' at 2; and 'perfecta incarnada' at 5.

⁸ Rustum, the 'Hercules' of Persia, whose exploits are among the most celebrated in the Sháh-náma. Hátim Tai, a well-known Type of Oriental Generosity.

⁹ A Drum-beaten outside a Palace.

¹⁰ That is, the Rose's Golden Centre.

¹¹ Persepolis: call'd also 'Takht'i Jamshýd'- 'The Throne of Jamshýd,' 'King-Splendid,' of the mythical 'Peesh-dá-dian' Dynasty, and supposed-according to the Sháh-náma-to have been founded and built by him. Others refer it to the Work of the Genie King, Jan Ibn Jan-who also built the Pyramids-before the time of Adam.

'Bahrám Gúr'- 'Bahrám of the Wild Ass'-a Sassanian Sovereign-had also his Seven Castles-like the King of Bohemia!-each of a different Colour; each with a Royal Mistress within; each of whom tells him a Story, as told in one of the most famous Poems of Persia, written by Amfr

Khusraw: all these Sevens also figuring-according to Eastern Mysticism - the Seven Heavens, and perhaps the Book itself that Eighth, into which the Mystical Seven transcend, and within which they revolve. The Ruins of Three of these Towers are yet shown by the Peasantry; as also the Swamp in which Bahrám sunk, like the Master of Ravenswood, while pursuing his 'Gúr.'

¹² A thousand years to each Planet.

¹³ Saturn, Lord of the Seventh Heaven.

¹⁴ 'Me-and-Thee': some dividual Existence or Personality distinct from the Whole.

¹⁵ The Caravans travelling by night, after the Vernal Equinox - their New Year's Day. This was ordered by Mohammed himself, I believe.

¹⁶ A Jest, of course, at his Studies. A curious mathematical Quatrain of Omar's has been pointed out to me; the more curious because almost exactly parallel'd by some Verses of Doctor Donne's, and quoted in Izaak Walton's Lives! Here is Omar: 'You and I are the image of a pair of compasses; though we have two heads - sc. our 'feet' - we have one body; when we have fixed the centre for our circle, we bring our heads - sc. feet - together at the end.' Dr. Donne:

If we be two, we two are so
As stiff twin-compasses are two;
Thy Soul, the fixt foot, makes no show
To move, but does if the other do.

And though thine in the centre sit,
Yet when my other far does roam,
Thine leans and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as mine comes home.

Such thou must be to me, who must
Like the other foot obliquely run;
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And me to end where I begun.

¹⁷ The Seventy-two Religions supposed to divide the World : including Islamism, as some think : but others not.

¹⁸ Alluding to Sultan Mahmúd's Conquest of India and its dark people.

¹⁹ 'Fánúsi khiyál,' a Magic-lanthorn still used in India ; the cylindrical Interior being painted with various Figures, and so lightly poised and ventilated as to revolve round the lighted Candle within.

²⁰ A very mysterious Line in the Original :

O dánad O dánad O dánad O--

breaking off something like our Wood-pigeon's Note, which she is said to take up just where she left off.

²¹ Parwín and Mushtara - The Pleiads and Jupiter.

²² At the Close of the Fasting Month, Ramazán - which makes the Musulman unhealthy and unamiable -, the first Glimpse of the New Moon - who rules their Division of the Year -, is looked for with the utmost Anxiety, and hailed with Acclamation. Then it is that the Porter's Knot may be heard - toward the 'Cellar,' perhaps. Omar has elsewhere a pretty Quatrain about this same Moon -

Be of Good Cheer - the sullen Month will die,
And a young Moon requite us by and bye :

Look how the Old one meagre, bent, and wan
With Age and Fast, is fainting from the Sky !

HERE END THE RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR
KHAYYÁM RENDERED INTO ENGLISH
VERSE BY EDWARD FITZGERALD, RE-
PRINTED, IN THE RICCARDI PRESS FOUNT,
BY CHARLES T. JACOBI, AND PUBLISHED
FOR THE MEDICI SOCIETY LTD. BY
PHILIP LEE WARNER AT VII
GRAFTON ST. LONDON, W.
MDCCCXIII

**THE RICCARDI PRESS BOOKS
OCTAVO SERIES:**

1913 Marius the Epicurean, 2 vols.

The Indian Stories of F. W. Bain :

1913 i. A Digit of the Moon

ii. The Descent of the Sun

1914 Volumes iii - x.

BOOKLETS:

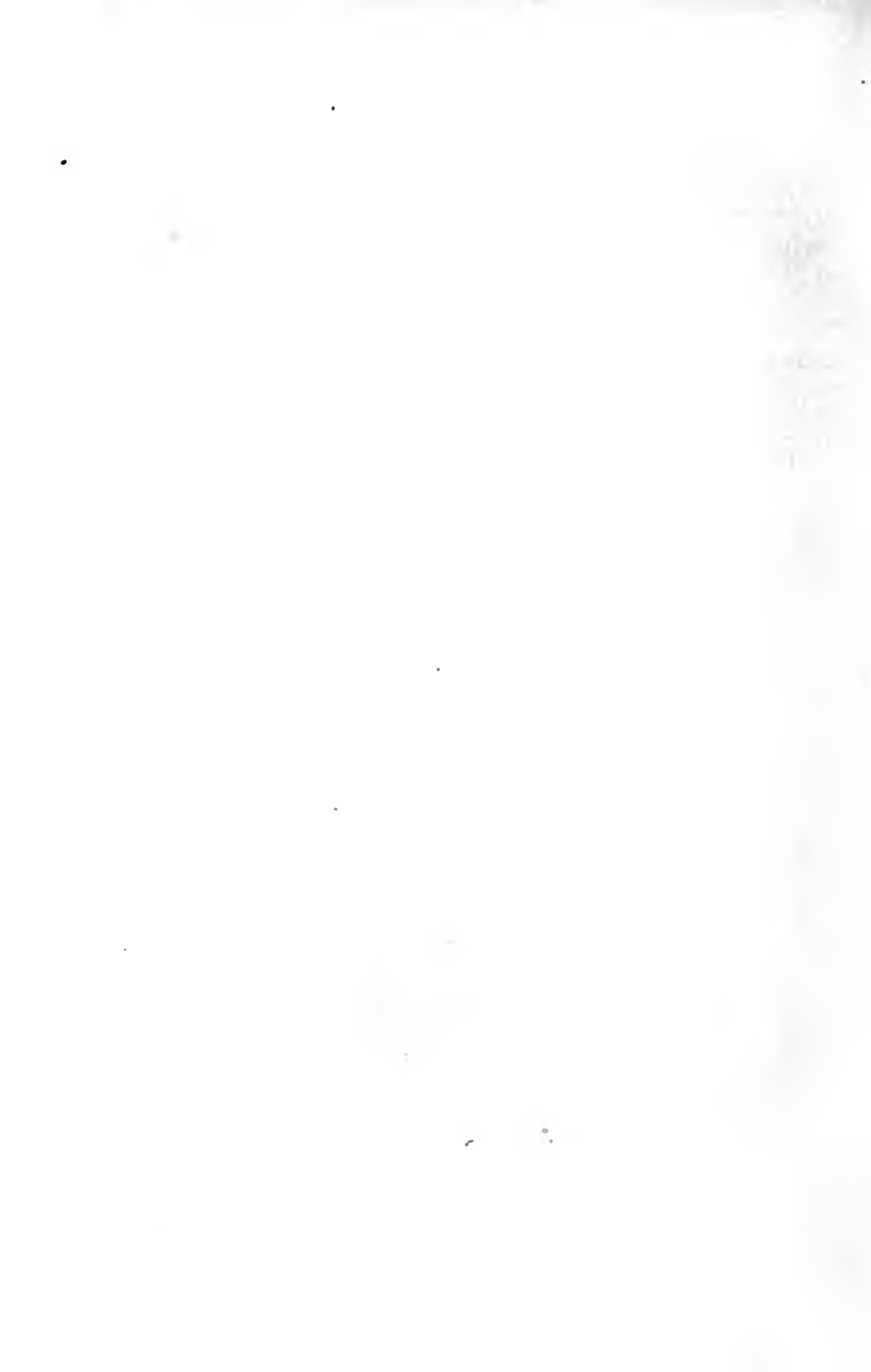
1909 The Story of Griselda

1912 The King who Knew not Fear

1913 Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám

The Sonnets of Shakespeare







22392

R52

19130

IVm



“WHAT IS A
MEDICAL PRINT?”

THE MEDICAL SOCIETY
EXISTS TO PUBLISH THE FINEST
COLOUR-FACSIMILE REPRODUCTIONS
OF GREAT PAINTINGS—
of which modern photographic methods are
capable—AT THE LOWEST PRICE
COMMERCIALY POSSIBLE.

As to its success in fulfilling this programme
The Society may quote the famous words of
an old English poet, *The Doctor's Maxim*,
“Nothing of the kind is good and is doing
his man less good than.”—*Quid, quidem*
“[that] which has gone much further in the
transformation of man by human power, as here
intelligible only . . . it may be described as
poor by mechanical means.”—*Quid, quidem*

All kinds of art are treated as well as The
Society's *Illustrations* are shown below, or to
send our yearly stamps for The Medical Society's
latest Programme, containing 450 illustrations from
the *Illustrations* January Catalogue, 24 pages long, at
one shilling for the twelve months from early
Spring of 1910, containing 18 plates in
colours and gold. The Medical Society's pub-
lications are sold separately to all, but Annual
Subscribers obtain preferential rates.

Applications are also invited for the following
CATALOGUE BY THE MEDICAL SOCIETY
OF THE OLD MASTERS, published in
1909, (12s. net, 6s. per copy)

CATALOGUE OF THE MEDICAL SOCIETY
OF THE OLD MASTERS, published in
1909, (12s. net, 6s. per copy)

CA
O
O
v
A
E

THE MEDICAL SOCIETY LTD
21, L...



The Riccardi Press

QUARTO SERIES, HALF-PRAYERS

THE CANTERBURY TALES

CHAUCER. With 25 other Canterbury tales. W. Deane's edition. 2 vols. 500 copies on paper. Boards, £7 7s. 6d. net. Half-prayers, 2 vols. 500 copies on vellum (10 for sale), bound in red leather, £10 10s.

THE HEROES

BY CHAUCER. With 11 other tales. W. Deane's edition. 2 vols. 500 copies on paper. Boards, £7 7s. 6d. net. Half-prayers, 2 vols. 500 copies on vellum (10 for sale), bound in red leather, £10 10s.

THE SONGS OF CHAUCER

With 11 other tales. W. Deane's edition. 2 vols. 500 copies on paper. Boards, £7 7s. 6d. net. Half-prayers, 2 vols. 500 copies on vellum (10 for sale), bound in red leather, £10 10s.

EVERYMAN, A Morality Play

With 10 other tales. W. Deane's edition. 2 vols. 500 copies on paper. Boards, £7 7s. 6d. net. Half-prayers, 2 vols. 500 copies on vellum (10 for sale), bound in red leather, £10 10s.

THE SONGS OF CHAUCER

With 11 other tales. W. Deane's edition. 2 vols. 500 copies on paper. Boards, £7 7s. 6d. net. Half-prayers, 2 vols. 500 copies on vellum (10 for sale), bound in red leather, £10 10s.

G. SCRIPTURUM CLAUDIUS MELIOPHIS

C. JULI CESARIS COMMENTARII DE BELLIS IN GALLIA GESTARUM

P. VERGILI MARONIS OPERA OMNIA

Boards, £1 10s. 6d. net. Half-prayers, £1 10s. 6d. net.

CATULLI VERGILII P. VERGILI MARONIS OPERA OMNIA

Boards, £1 10s. 6d. net. Half-prayers, £1 10s. 6d. net.

APULEII PSYCHE ET CUPIDO

Boards, £1 10s. 6d. net. Half-prayers, £1 10s. 6d. net.

QUINTI HORATII FLACCI OPERA OMNIA

Boards, £1 10s. 6d. net. Half-prayers, £1 10s. 6d. net.

IN OCTAVO SERIE, UNILLUSTRATED

THE INDIAN STORIES OF T. W. MOORE

In 10 volumes. 1. & 2. The Story of the Moon. 3. The Dream of a Lifetime. 4. The Story of the Sun. 5. The Story of the Wind. 6. The Story of the Earth. 7. The Story of the Sky. 8. The Story of the Sea. 9. The Story of the Forest. 10. The Story of the Mountains. Boards, £6 6s. net. Half-prayers, £6 6s. net.

MARIUS THE EPICUREAN

By WALTER PATER. 2 vols. 500 copies on paper. Boards, £1 10s. 6d. net. Half-prayers, £1 10s. 6d. net.

IN THE RICCARDI PRESS BULLETIN

THE SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE

Boards, 6s. net. Half-prayers, 7s. 6d. net.

THE KING WHO KNEW THE STORY OF HIS OWN LIFE

Boards, 6s. net. Half-prayers, 7s. 6d. net.

* For full particulars of the above and all special Editions

LONDON: PHILIP LEE WALKER, Publishers to THE MEECI SOCIETY LTD.